1:Campbell E:5 (1954-1955)1964
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period. Both in the chiftliks and the extensive monastery lands there were considerable tracts of uncultivated grassland.

Therefore, the very different fortunes of the villagers in the Zagori mountains and those living in the plains, both, alike, encouraged the transhumant sheep economy of the Sarakatsani throughout the nineteenth century and until 1922. The inhabitants of Zagori were primarily interested in the life abroad, not in fully exploiting the pasturage resources of their villages. And the influx of wealth had aroused various pretensions to education and social status which could scarcely be accommodated with a life of transhumant nomadism. In the higher villages, apart from the few animals which it was possible to keep under cover through the winter, the pastures were generally empty, and the villages were willing to rent large tracts of grazing land to wealthy Sarakatsan shepherds who might lead groups of families controlling two or three thousand sheep. This arrangement brought revenue to the village. And it sometimes established relations of patronage through which the villagers were informed about the movements of brigands who periodically descended on their rich houses; or when hostages had been taken shepherds were often the channel of mediation and negotiation. Similarly, in the plains, monasteries and chiftlik owners were equally ready to lease their uncultivated grassland in the winter, often for a nominal payment when the Sarakatsani undertook to graze the sheep of the monastery or chiftlik as well as their own. These conditions of adequate grassland in summer and winter, and in certain respects a complementarity of interests between Zagori villages and the Sarakatsani in the mountains, and in the plains between the Sarakatsani and the owners or administrators of large estates, persisted generally until the period of the first world war.

But in 1922 the military defeat in Asia Minor led in the years which followed to the exchange of population between Greece and Turkey. One of the measures taken by the Government for the re-settlement of refugees was the division of chiftlik and monastery lands into peasant holdings and the building of new villages. By 1927 the old winter pastures of the Zagori Sarakatsani had largely vanished. Some of the richer shepherds had the foresight to buy small properties in the Arta and Preveza

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plains and reduced the size of their flocks. Others found small pastures in the area around Paramythia and until 1930 some families, at least, were able to cross the Albanian frontier for their winter grass. In 1944 the flight into Albania of the Muslim villagers of Thesprotia opened new areas of grazing to the Sarakatsani of Zagori, but these, too, are now less extensive after the settlement of refugees from Northern Epirus and the claims of Christian villagers who live in the district. Generally since 1927, when the division of chiftlik lands was substantially effected, the difficulties over winter grazing have grown more acute each year. By 1955 it was seldom possible to find winter grazing for a flock of more than 1,000 sheep in one area. One consequence has been the reduction in the size of the flocks of leading Sarakatsan families. Before 1922 it was not exceptional for a man to own 2,000 sheep; today a flock of 500 is considerable.

The disappearance of winter grassland threatened the basis of transhumant pastoralism not only in Epirus but also in the other provinces of continental Greece. Although they could do little to alter fundamentally the new conditions they had created by the distribution of winter grassland for cultivation, the Government attempted in 1930 to protect the position of the shepherds by a law[22] establishing rights of protected lease (δικαιώματα ἐνοικιοστασίου), so that a shepherd who had enjoyed a grazing lease on a pasture during one winter had the right to return to it in the following autumn (and at a price determined by the Government). There remained, however, various conditions under which such leases might lapse, and the area of available grazing continued to decrease, although now at a less disastrous pace.

After 1922 grazing conditions did not change radically in the Zagori. The temporary emigration of Zagori men to other parts of the Ottoman Empire was replaced by the permanent emigration of whole families of Zagori villagers to the towns and cities of the Greek kingdom. But the grasslands remained to be exploited by the Sarakatsani. In 1938, however, a law[23] was passed by the Government of Metaxas that was to have important

[22] Law 4818 of 14/16 July 1930, 'Concerning the lease of grazing lands'.
[23] Decree 1223 of 3/4 May 1938, 'Concerning the settlement of Pastoralists'.

warlike past began, heckled and abetted by sudden ejaculations and shrill shepherds' whistles.

These Sarakatsáns were not great virtuosos, but they had the merit of vigor and conviction. I was struck by one of their songs in which the last word, *Makaronádes* — a derogatory epithet for the Italians — had obviously, judging by the style of the words and the tune, replaced the name of some much older foe in order to fit the winter campaign of 1941: "Would that I had wings to soar on high, up to the topmost peaks of the mountains, to alight there and gaze down, down over Epirus and over poor Chimarra, to look down on the war, where the Greeks are fighting the *Makaronádes*." The modern ending was a bit of an anticlimax, especially after the mention of Chimarra, that warlike Greek stronghold in the Acroceraunian Mountains over the Albanian border, which is almost as celebrated for its martial stubbornness, in Turkish times, as Souli and the Sphakian Mountains of Crete. There was a distinct trace of anticlimax too, but also of oddity, about another of their songs: "Anyone who wants to go to America, let him sit down and ponder. Forty days at sea, days of sorrow and sighing. They get into a boat and go ashore in New York. They know nobody there, so back they wing like birds." A sad little tale, but most peculiar here because, although in most Greek gatherings of this size at least a half dozen would have spent a few years in Brooklyn or Chicago or Nebraska, Uncle Petro assured me that no one in the room had ever been to America, nor, as far as he knew, any Sarakatsán ever, and ideas of its whereabouts and character, for those who had heard its name, would be as hazy as a layman's notions of life on Mars.

During the banquet and the long procession of refilled glasses and the concatenation of songs, the falling shafts of sunlight from the windows had slanted horizontally and veered askew down the room; the long sunlit parallelograms on the opposite wall were turning an evening apricot hue. During these cheerful hours there had been no glimpse of the bride. "She's upstairs," Uncle Petro said, "we must go and look at her," and grasping the shaft of his upright crook like a punt pole, with joints momentarily acreak after a long session, he levered himself to his feet. "*Ta Geramata!*" he said, with a smile, "old age." He led the way up the ladder staircase, and the clamor dwindled.

Dead silence reigned in the upper chamber. The dowry was arranged along the two side walls: rolled bales of dark homespun for capes and for the bivouacs which are pitched on the march;